

Julian describes him, at the first mention of his name, as a man who has seen considerable fighting, but has become soft through self-indulgence and luxury. * The deities of heaven are represented as sitting in conclave, while the deified Emperors approach to join in their councils. Julian runs over the list of the great Emperors, introducing them one by one and making each sit by the side of the god whom he most resembles in character. But when Constantine's turn comes, it is found that he has no such archetype. No god will own him as his protege or pupil, and so, after some hesitation, Constantine runs up to the Goddess of Luxury (Tpvcprf), who embraces him as her own darling, dresses him up in fine clothes, and, when she has made him smart, hands him over to her sister, the Goddess of Extravagance ('AffGoria). The irony was bitter, and the shaft sped home.

The ascetic Julian does not spare his august relative, whose title to the epithet of "Great" he would have laughed to scorn. He declares that Constantine's victories over the barbarians were victories pour rire; he represents him as a crazy being in love with the moon, like that half-witted Emperor of the Claudian house, who used to stand at night in the colonnades of his palace and beg the gracious Queen of the Sky to come down to him as she had come down to Endymion. Julian puts into his mouth a grotesque speech in which he makes Constantine claim to have been a greater general than

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\$e ncd (c. 15).